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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

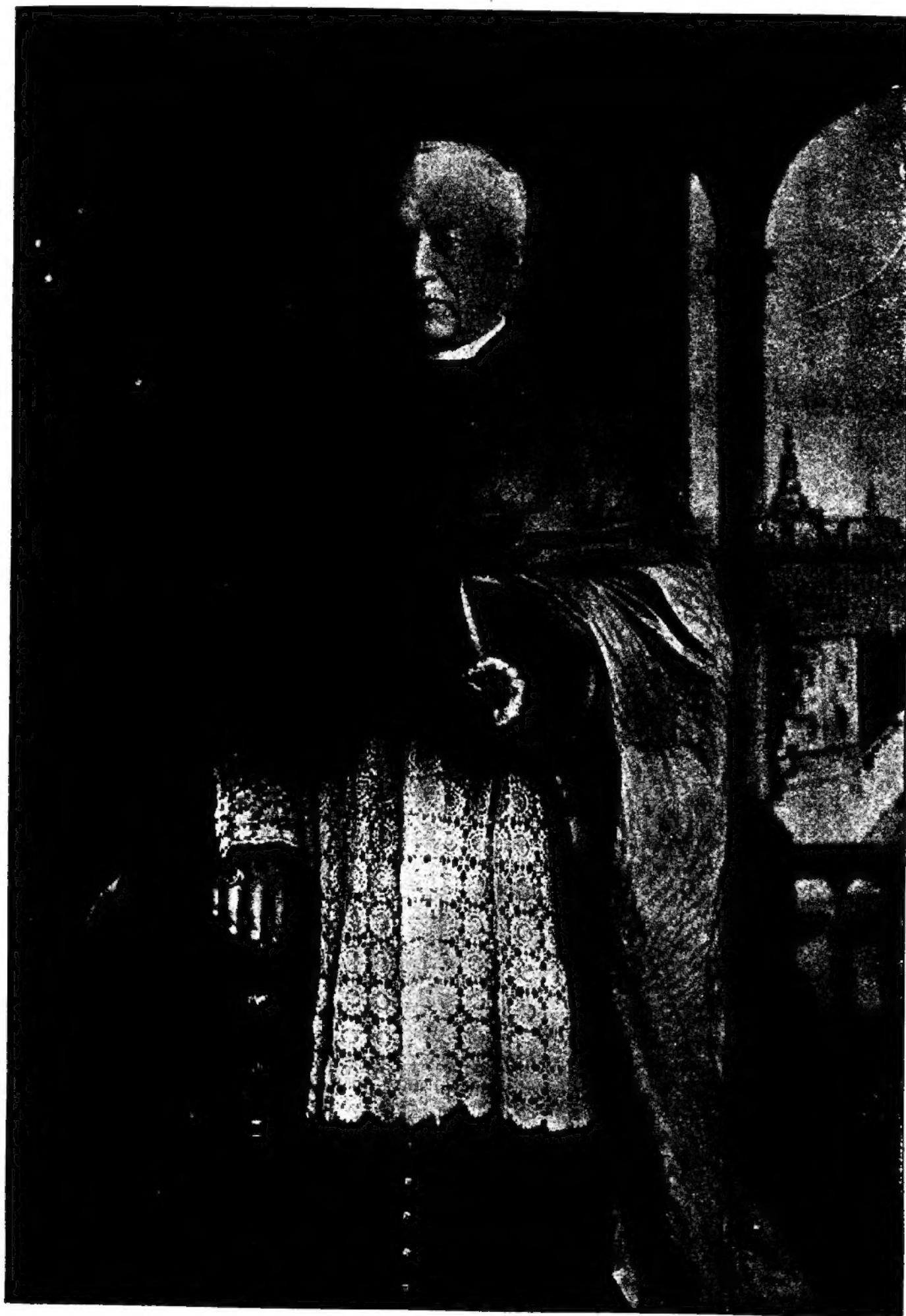
A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1888, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. I.—No. 26.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 29th DECEMBER, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL TASCHEREAU, ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

From a photograph by Livernois.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,
162 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

29th DECEMBER, 1888.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

At the end of the year 1888, during which the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED made its appearance before its readers, we feel pleasure in looking forward during the new year to a still wider acquaintance and good friends, in all and every part of the Dominion, and to them we offer, in advance, a host of greetings, blending them with the hope that, while we shall do our utmost to give them the best paper that can be published, they will give us a hand in spreading the range of a truly National Work.



The new Minister of the Interior may be said to have an inspiration. There is only one herd of genuine buffalos left in the Northwest, the property of Major Bedson, of Stony Mountain, Manitoba. This he was said to have sold to an American ranch, but there seems to have been a hitch in the transaction, and Hon. Mr. Dewdney now feels a bent to secure Mair's "Last Bison"—the whole herd—for the National Park at Banff. A more thoughtful and timely official act could not be performed.

Lady Herbert of Lea is said to have met, the other day, in New York, in the garb of a Little Sister of the Poor, a young lady who was, a few years ago, one of the wealthiest and most sought-after belles of London, relinquishing that station to accept the humbler one in which she now moves. Lady Herbert herself is well-known, not only in letters, but also in charities to the poor, and we believe she is closely related to the Secretary of the British Legation, at Washington, and acting Minister *ad interim*.

The secular ages of flowers are no longer a secret. It is said that the oldest rose bush in the world, of which there is authentic record, grows in a churchyard, and against the old church at Hildersheim, Germany. Eight hundred years ago, so the records say, Bishop Hepilo caused a trellis to be built on which it was supported. To-day the main stem is thicker than a man's body. The Seminary, here in Montreal, has vineyards, apple, pear and plum trees, in full growth and mellowest flavour, that were brought over from France before the Conquest.

Similarly, the old Puritan Endicott planted a pear tree which is still standing, very much alive, in the village of Danvers, in Massachusetts, though the governor himself be dust. It is the oldest cultivated fruit-bearing tree in New England, is of the variety Bon Chretien, and was brought from old England. The Governor was the forefather of the present Secretary of War Endicott at Washington, whose lovely daughter was lately united in wedlock to the Honourable Joseph Chamberlain.

It is well that those who care for the lining of their stomachs and want to escape slow poisoning should be positively assured that there is no brandy *at all* in the fruit of the grape coming out of France. The vines have been worm-eaten and not replaced. The same thing is true of the best wines. And the fullest proof of all is that the use of strong liquor in France has of late years progressed at a greater ratio than in any other country. The results are made apparent by the fact that, from 1870 to 1885, the number of suicides from drunkenness had increased six-fold, while cases of madness, traceable to the same cause, have increased from 9 to 16 per cent., and accidental deaths have increased 20 per cent.

There is nothing for square teaching like an occasional dip into statistics. Thus the *Star* shows that, of the total direct provincial revenue derived by the Quebec Government from taxation, Montreal pays \$322,217, and the whole of the rest of the province \$277,231. Montreal pays the biggest half of the direct provincial revenue, yet has only three representatives in the Legislature among sixty-five. Montreal has one-sixth the population of the rest of the province, yet is entitled to less than one-twentieth the representation. If the figures were obtainable, something of the same disparity would appear in Toronto's wealth and population and her representation.

The editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has personally the word of the oldest statistician in Canada, whose official standing gives him access to the best sources of knowledge, in all the Provinces and the United States, that, in the last eight years, Toronto has grown in size, population, and other ways, more than any town in North America. He adds that he has no doubt the special census lately taken is strictly accurate.

Montreal will have to look to her laurels. Her exceptional geographical position, at the head of navigation, upon which she has relied so long, still makes her advantages impregnable, but there is no denying that she has not availed herself, as she should have done, of the natural resources by which she is surrounded. Why, only the other day, at a public meeting of the City Council, some one scoffed at the notion of employing the enormous and available Lachine Rapids as a motive power, when we have force enough there to set awheel all the machinery of Canada.

The people of Quebec are again bringing forward the feasibility of the navigation of the St. Lawrence throughout the year. It is not a question of sentiment, but a grim struggle with the forces of nature, as the fearful disasters of only last week's snow storm plainly show. The demands of the Quebec Board of Trade are, however, reasonable enough, but they should put the limit of safe navigation from the 1st April, instead of the 1st March, to the 1st December. The building of a lighthouse at the Traverse and the laying of the cable from Anticosti to Belle Isle Straits are public works which will be excused in any case.

Of the three great old Englishmen who were lying low a few weeks since, as we then stated, and who were all at the edge of death, all are out of danger—Dr. Newman, the oldest of the three; Lord Tennyson, who has gone to Cannes,

Das land wo die citronen blühen,
for the winter; and John Bright, a little the youngest, who is still weak indeed, but with good

chances of recovery. It is no small nation that can lose three such distinguished men.

Our friend R. S. White, M.P., for Cardwell, has imagined a new way of getting a good table article, and of encouraging the dairies of his constituency. He gave ten dollars for the best thirty pounds of butter displayed on the Orangeville market on December 19th, the butter to be his own. This makes the price a fraction over thirty-three cents a pound, which is pretty stiff, when in Montreal we can get the soundest butter for thirty cents.

We like to hear a ringing voice, such as that of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, at a late meeting of the Canadian Institute, of Toronto, when he lectured on "The Progress of Canada." After speaking of our historic greatness, our constitutional institutions—the freest of the world—our immense territory and growing population, he instanced the Mackenzie Basin and its great resources; the rise and progress of Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia; the creation and prosperity of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the superiority of Ontario to the best States of the American Union, and the future greatness of Vancouver, and other factors in Canada's progress.

CANADIAN LETTERS.

We received, the other day, a marked copy of a Boston paper, which, under the main heading, "Books and Authors," had a long article of a column and a half, entitled, "Out of Nazareth." This was signed by Wm. Morton Fullerton. The first sentence gave the key note of the whole, in rejecting the insinuation of Professor Richardson, of Dartmouth, in his book on American Literature, that "the poetic prospect in the Atlantic Colonies, prior to 1700, was more discouraging than it is in Canada to-day." And then, turning the tables, Mr. Fullerton says that this is the sort of *obiter dictum* which Professor Richardson may at some time think to have been a bit rash. One continually comes upon such by-the-way aspersions against Australia, and it is not so very long since some Englishmen were making equally unintelligent attacks upon America, expressed with even more bitterness. Flings of this sort are natural enough; but in proportion to the temptation to make them, they should be guarded against. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" is a question that really hurts nobody but him who asks it; for it betrays a certain provincialism and certain prejudices in the enquirer, and a too slight sense, perhaps, of how large the range of the possible is in this world.

Mr. Fullerton next waxes sarcastic, and adds that if one who knows anything of the work of a Canadian poet, Mr. Bliss Carman, for instance, should chance upon the "aside" of Professor Richardson's he will be likely to be annoyed by it. It is safe to say that Professor Richardson cannot be familiar with any Canadian poems, else he would not have compared the poetic promise of Canada to-day with that betrayed in 1700 by a people the nature of whose poetic expression may be satirically suggested to those who do not recall it by the mention of "The Bay Psalm Book" (few persons at that time could say with the Psalmist: "I will set no base thing before my eyes"); Mrs. Bradstreet's "Four Elements" and "Four Monarchies," and Rev. Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom." The poetic prospect at that period,

when the horrors of an almost scientifically determined Day of Judgment could arouse poetic impulses, was indeed "more discouraging than it is in Canada to-day," with her half dozen names which might be given, beside those of Roberts and Carman.

The retort is well deserved. With their usual flippancy and shallowness, many of these pedagogues beyond the lines sneer at Canadian letters, and affect to ignore their very existence. Indeed, their ignorance is not simulated; it is real. If it comes to comparison between the two countries, the game of scoffing can be played by two. The United States have been an independent nation for more than a hundred years, with the enjoyment of every advantage which wealth and free institutions can impart, and yet it is not more than forty or fifty years since that they can lay claim to the merit of a national literature. A few of the fathers of this literature are still living—Bancroft, Whittier, Curtis and Lowell. While the literary activity is doubtless very great in all departments, especially in light novelettes and journalism, American critics are the first to complain that they have not yet produced a writer of creative genius, and very few that have reached the highest levels of excellence. We shall be more liberal than this. For us Longfellow is unsurpassed as a poet in modern times. Hawthorne is, doubtless, the *only* purely American novelist, although there are many story tellers. Webster and Calhoun were giants of oratory, such as Greece, Rome or Parliamentary England never excelled. All this is cheerfully admitted, but still American professors ought to be careful, and must admit that the literary and intellectual harvest is not in proportion with the opportunities which they have enjoyed.

Here in Canada, our nationality does not date back much above a score of years. We have not yet celebrated the first five and twenty years of our life as a nation. And still, within that brief span, within the bounds of one generation, under the eyes of middle-aged men, who, like the writer, have watched the young Confederacy from its cradle to its present majority, Canadian literature has grown into a living entity, a potential factor, and a future arbiter of the destinies of this youthful and buoyant Dominion. Every province, even the youngest, has furnished its contingent. The literary awakening, especially in the field of fancy and imagination, throughout the Maritime Provinces, rises to the dignity of a phenomenon, and we would not need to go out of the pages of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* for examples of this poetic blossoming in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In Quebec there has been a keen rivalry between the French and English speaking populations, with the result that our pen could write out, without stopping, over a dozen names, in this business city of Montreal, of men who have helped, by their writings, to mould, raise and establish the framework of a Canadian literature. The Ontario names could be written out with like ease, and the claims of Toronto to be called the Athens or Boston of Canada, cannot well be gainsaid. We shall strike a balance, however, and Montreal will be content to remain, in literature and business, the New York of the Dominion.

While we deprecate the system of wholesale praise for every little book of poems that pours out—as they have done latterly—there is no

doubt that much excellent work in verse has been done of late and, within the past five or six years, at least half a dozen names have sprung into fame. This is a satisfactory record, and on it we establish the solid claims of Canadian literature.

HERE AND THERE.

FR. VISSANI'S BEARD.—"Do you see that man across the street with the gray beard?" said a well known lawyer to a N.Y. *Sun* reporter. He is Very Rev. Charles A. Vissani, the commissariat of the Holy Land, and he is here making arrangements to lead the first American pilgrimage to Palestine next February. Six months ago his face was as smooth as my boy's, and the other day, when I met him on the street, I couldn't imagine what had induced him to grow a beard until I remembered the proposed pilgrimage to Palestine. The Turks, who rule there, respect a beard, and a clean-shaven man is looked upon as one who has undergone penance for his misdeeds. All the Franciscan fathers in the Holy Land wear beards.

TOAST.—Toasting bread destroys the yeast germs and converts the starch into a soluble substance which is incapable of fermentation. Dry toast will not sour the stomach, nor produce any discomfort, and is, therefore, more agreeable to a weak digestion than any other bread.

MISUSE OF WORDS.—A prominent example of a word that has been wrongly used by some one and taken up in its new sense by others, until its original meaning is nearly lost sight of, is the much used word "humanitarian," which is by the great majority of people supposed to refer to one who is interested in humane efforts, but the definition given by Webster and Worcester of this word is "one who denies the divinity of Christ." "Lurid" is another word commonly misused. The average newspaper reporter, who, in describing a fire, writes of "the lurid flames gleaming against the midnight sky," is evidently unaware that the dictionary definition of the word lurid is "pale, gloomy, dismal."

TORONTO IN 1805.—Mr. Patterson, an old Toronto man, called upon the Mayor of that city, and produced an official manuscript census of the town of York for 1805. This manuscript came to him from his grandfather. At that time the population was 473, made up as follows: Adult males, 119; adult females, 82; male children over 16, 8; female children over 16, 21; male children under 16, 108; female children under 16, 81; servants, 54.

MONEY IN FAUST.—Antoine de Choudens, the head of a well-known music-publishing firm in Paris, who died the other day, owed his fortune to his shrewdness and courage in publishing Gounod's "Faust." He invested all the money he possessed, \$2,000, in this enterprise, and in the course of his lifetime received at least \$500,000 as his share of the profits, to say nothing of the present value of the copyrights.

SCOTCH PEASEMEAL.—The Scotch are large consumers of peasemeal, which they make into bannocks or brose, good for hungry people and racy to the taste. When the wheat crop is short and flour is dear, both oatmeal and peasemeal might be used to advantage in more Canadian families than have ever tried them.

ALPHABETS.—The Sandwich Island alphabet has only 12 letters; the Burmese, 19; the Italian, 20; the Bengalese, 21; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan and Latin, 22 each; the French, 23; the Greek, 24; the German and Dutch, 26 each; the Spanish and Slavonic, 27 each; the Arabic has 28; the Persian and Coptic, 32; the Georgian, 35; the Armenian, 38; the Russian, 41; the Muscovite, 43; the Sanscrit and Japanese, 50; the Ethiopic and Tartaric, 202.

It is reported that Adelina Patti has purchased the chateau of Chenonceaux, and that she is going to live there after leaving her Welsh castle. The chateau is the most romantic and picturesque spot in all Touraine. The castle itself is of Gothic architecture, and is perched right on the bridge over the Cher River. It was until recently owned by Mme. Pelouze, the sister of M. Daniel Wilson, ex-President Grévy's notorious son-in-law.

THE HEAVY AND LIGHT BRIGADES.

Mr. H. J. Woodside, of Portage la Prairie, writes as follows of the day of Balaklava: If I remember Kinglake rightly, Lord Lucan who commanded the cavalry, directed Scarlett's charge of the Heavy Brigade or Scots' Dragoons and Enniskilleners in the forenoon, against the Russian squadrons of cavalry, which was supplemented by a charge from the Royal Irish and Regiments of cavalry. It was during this inaction of the Light Brigade that Lord Cardigan "was damning the Heavies," and chafing to take part in the fray. His time came in the afternoon, when Lord Lucan sent Captain Nolan with the order over which so much controversy has arisen, but which appears to have been an order for the Light Brigade to charge or threaten some Russian batteries on one side of the valley. It was only when Lord Lucan, with feelings of dismay, saw the Light Brigade sweep forward in magnificent array, and disappear into the Valley of Death, that he comprehended the terrible mistake, and advanced his heavy squadrons to their support as far as he dare, even until they came under the fire of some of the Russian guns, on the crest of the banks of the valley, which had just been firing on the Light Brigade, until they were past them, and poured like a lava tide between the guns in front of them. So great was the effect of this splendid charge upon the Russians, that infantry battalions, a mile and a quarter away, on the slopes, were thrown into square to receive cavalry, and their cavalry and Cossacks, massed a short distance behind the guns assaulted, were apparently afraid to break their formation to capture the fragments of the Light Brigade, or to intercept stragglers on their return to where the Heavy Brigade was awaiting them. Kinglake gives great credit to the French Chasseurs d'Afrique for a brilliant charge which "crumpled" up all the Russian batteries on one side of the valley. The French advance causing all these batteries to limber and move off, thereby secured immunity from that quarter for what was left of the Light Brigade on its return. Kinglake, I believe, argues that this was the charge which the latter should have made, and the French officer quickly saw the blunder, and did what he could to avert some of the consequences.

In conclusion I must congratulate the publishers of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* on the excellent paper they publish. I have been a subscriber from the first number and would not be without it now. Wishing you every success as a Canadian enterprise, etc.

LITERARY NOTES.

Doctor John G. Bourinot, clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, will read a paper on "The Federal Experiment in Canada," before the American Historical Association at Washington.

Mr. Douglas Brymner, the Dominion Government archivist, passed through Montreal, the other day, on his way to Washington, where he will read a paper on the Archives, before the American Historical Society.

In the October number of the *King's College Record*, the editor, Goodridge B. Roberts, begins a series of studies on "Canadian Poets," and takes up Heavyside first, as quite fitting. The chief facts are given, and the appreciation of a man of genius is fitting.

Mr. John A. Dales, Walkerton, has been appointed modern language master at the Collegiate Institute, at a salary of \$1,000. He is a graduate of Toronto University. Mr. Brough, Ottawa, undergraduate of Queen's, has been appointed English master; salary, \$750.

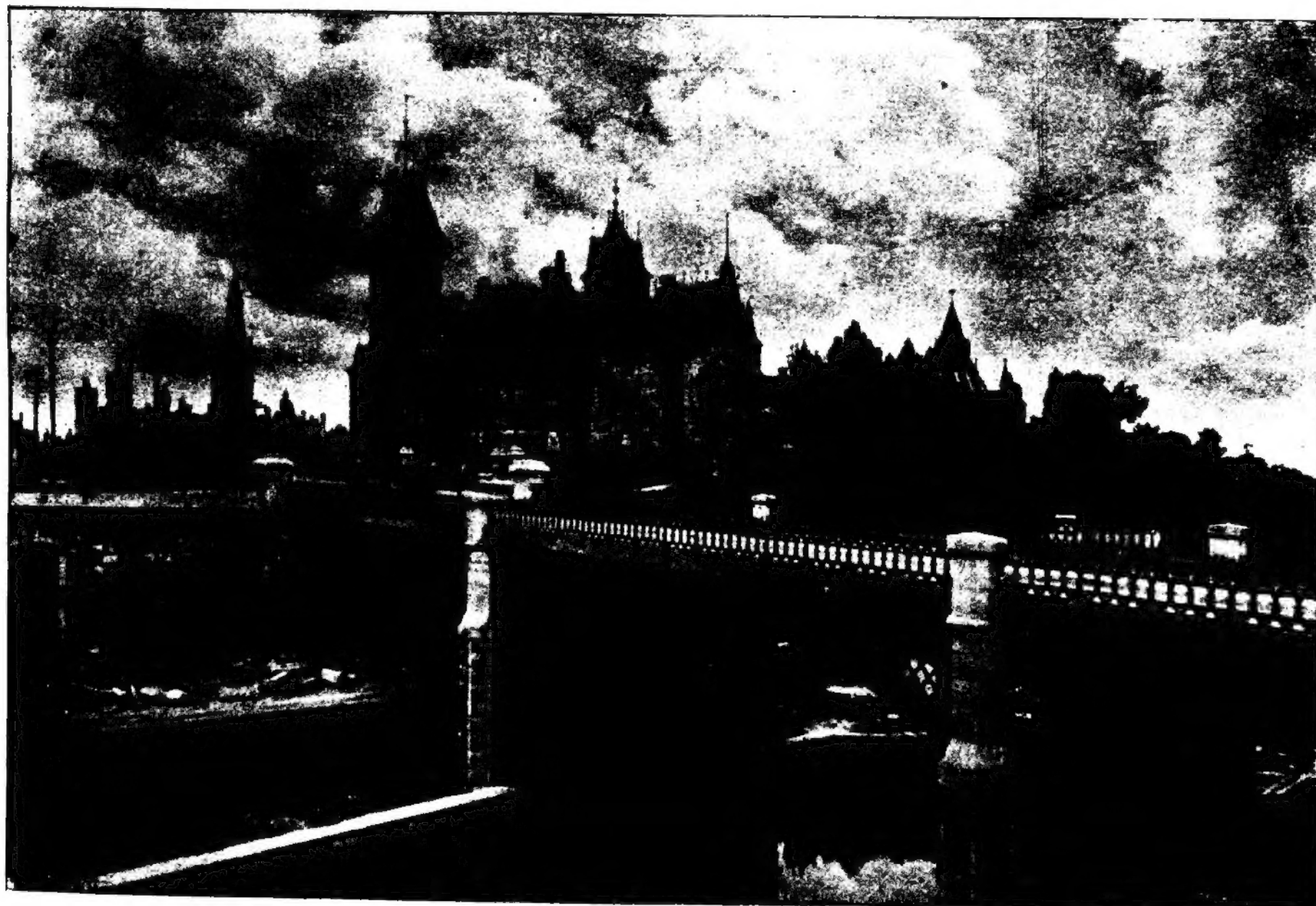
Jno. G. Whittier, the venerable poet, has reached his 81st birthday at his winter home at Oak Knoll, one of his favourite resorts, near Danvers, Mass. The day was observed in the poet's customary quiet and modest way, receiving friends and neighbours and other callers.

At the last meeting of the Montreal Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, a Chrysler's farm silver medal and a Wicksteed gold medal of McGill College were exhibited by Messrs. Henri and Patrice Guy, as also, by the chairman, a series of most interesting photographs of various things in the old Hudson's Bay territories, including the ruins of Fort Churchill as destroyed by d'Iberville, and a group of buffalo, instantaneously photographed while feeding in the prairie grass. Mr. DeLery Macdonald read a paper on "Fort de Callieres," the old fort just eastward of the site of which the present Custom House is built. The members then partook of one of those pleasant suppers, which are a frequent feature of the gatherings of this old society.



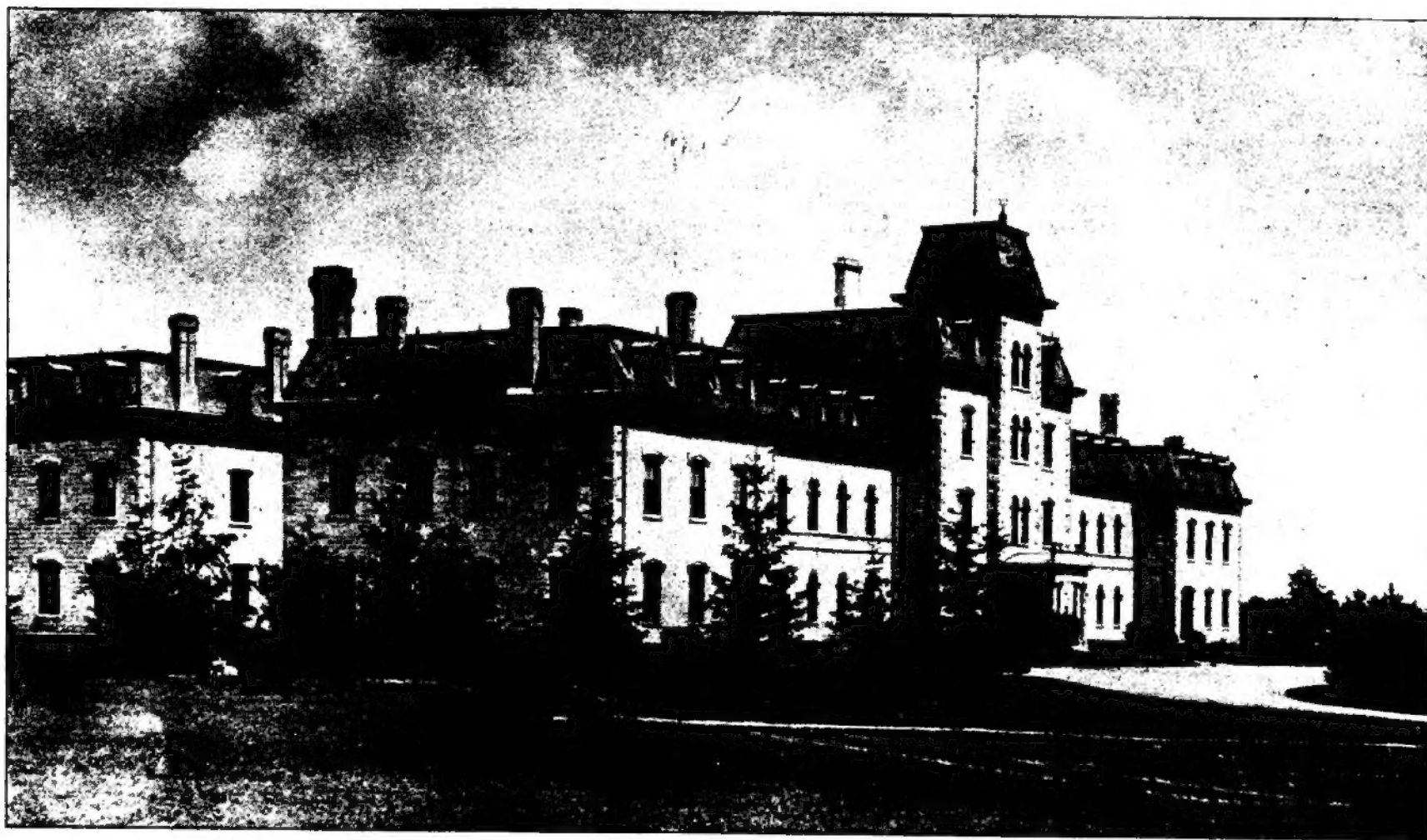
BALA FALLS, MUSKOKA. ONT.

From a photograph by Thos. Boyd.

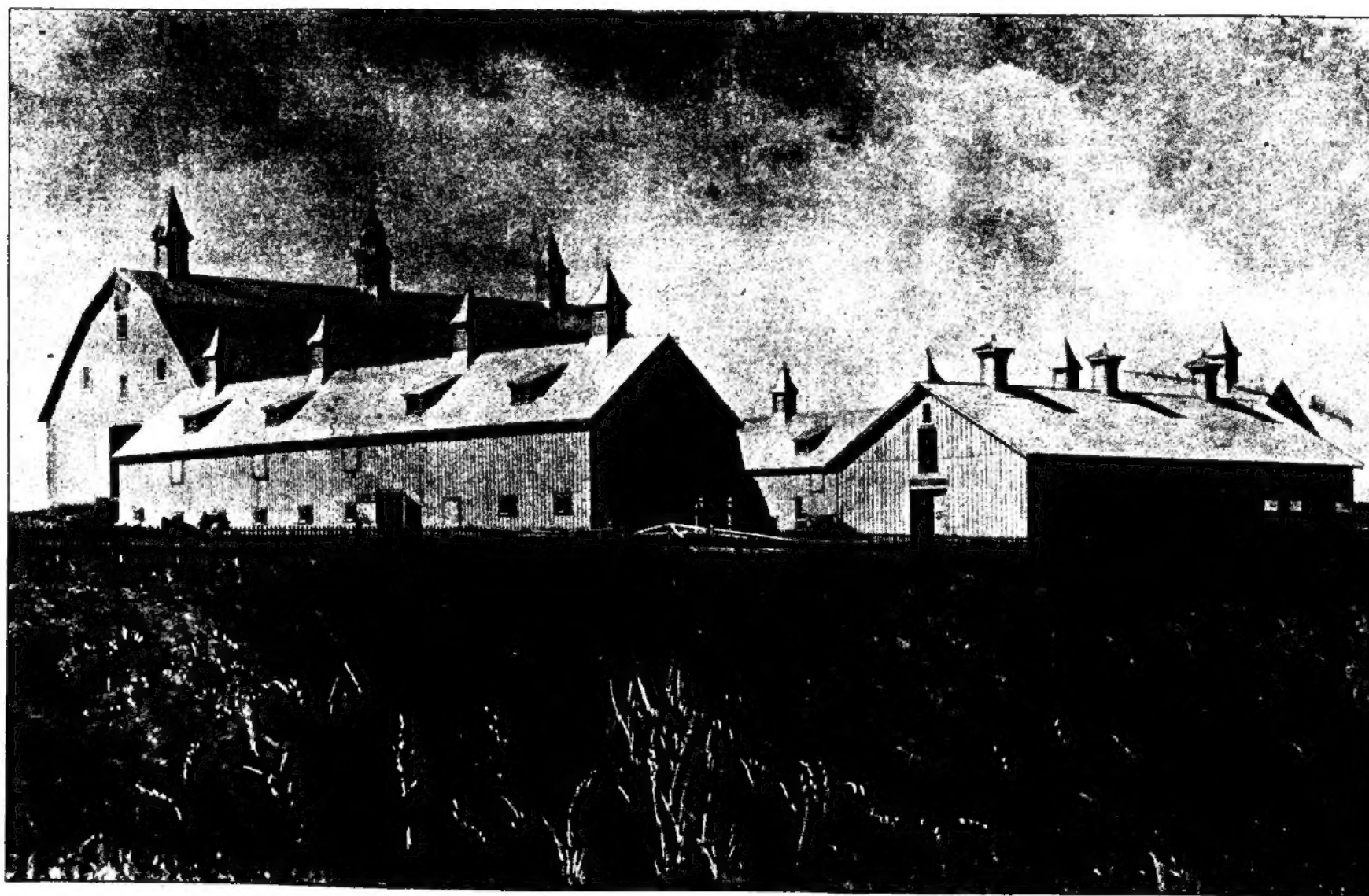


DUFFERIN BRIDGE, OTTAWA.

From a photograph by Henderson.



ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH, ONT.



FARM BUILDINGS OF THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH, ONT.

From a photograph by Soule.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.—Elzéar Alexander Taschereau was born at Ste. Marie de la Beauce, on the 17th February, 1820, and is descended from a Touraine family. His grandfather was a member of the Legislative Assembly of his time, and his father a judge of the King's Bench. His mother was the daughter of Hon. Mr. Panet, Speaker of the first Legislative Assembly of Canada. The future Cardinal studied in the two seminaries of Quebec, and, in 1836, paid his first visit to Rome, where he received the Minor Orders, and, on his return to Quebec, in 1842, he was ordained to the priesthood, and spent several years at the Seminary, engaged in the teaching of various branches. In 1847 he distinguished himself by his charity, and exposing his life for the victims of ship fever. In 1854 he again visited the Eternal City, and spent two years there, grounding himself in Canon Law, for which he received the degree of doctor. On his return he presided over the Little and Grand Seminaries successively, and, in 1860, became superior of the Seminary and rector of Laval University. In 1862, after another visit to Rome, he was made vicar of the arch-diocese, and continued at the head of the Seminary till 1871, when he succeeded Archbishop Baillargeon in the See of Quebec. His visits to Rome were again frequent, and on his last voyage thither, in 1887, he was exalted to the Cardinal's purple. On this honour he was congratulated, not only by his own people, but by the whole people of Canada, regardless of creed.

BALA FALLS.—The Lakes of Muskoka, the Islands of Georgian Bay and the Magnatewan are among the most beautiful scenery and the pleasantest excursion places in Ontario. Among the sights of this privileged region are the Bala Falls, given in our engraving, on the Moon River, the outlet of Lake Muskoka.

DUFFERIN BRIDGE, OTTAWA.—Those who are acquainted with Ottawa will recognize this bridge as one of the features of the triangular space, leading from Upper to Lower Town, across the Rideau Canal. The other bridge that meets Dufferin is the historic Sappers' Bridge, recalling the mighty public works done by the Sappers and Miners in the old military days. In the right distance we have the East Departmental Building; then appears in sight the bell-like dome of the Library, and afar is the Mackenzie Tower.

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The College building is a plain, substantial structure, without much claim to architectural beauty. Like the institution itself, it was built little by little without any very definite idea of the shape it might ultimately assume. When the Government first bought land and determined to establish an agricultural college, the architect drew plans for a building which would have suited the purpose exactly, but the cost seemed too great and the country was not prepared for it; consequently it was decided fourteen years ago to commence work with a few students in Mr. Stone's farmhouse. Additions and alterations were made from time to time, as the number of students increased, till the result is a large and peculiarly arranged building, altogether different from what was originally intended, but affording considerable accommodation and serving the purpose fairly well. In the building, as it now stands, there are 122 rooms—three classrooms, a reading-room, a library, a room to be fitted up for a museum, a laboratory, three offices, a public reception-room, sixty-two students' dormitories, a large dining-hall, a servants' dining-room, a storeroom, pantry, kitchen, scullery, laundry, drying-room, eight bathrooms, nine bedrooms for servants, the messenger's room, a parlour and bedroom for the matron, a sitting-room and bedroom for the assistant resident master, nine rooms in the left wing occupied as a dwelling-house by the president and his family, two rooms in the centre occupied by the matron, an officers' dining-room, a spare-room, three wash-rooms, an engine-room and a coal house. The farm buildings, as shown in our second engraving, are large and commodious. There are also several cottages erected on the grounds, used as residences of the professor of agriculture, the bursar and the farmer. The farm, containing 550 acres, was purchased in 1873 from Mr. F. W. Stone, for \$75,000, and is situated on the Dundas road, about a mile from the city of Guelph. The course of instruction, which lasts two years, comprises:—First year—Agriculture, live stock, inorganic chemistry, organic chemistry, geology and physical geography, structural and physiological botany, physiology, zoology, veterinary anatomy, veterinary materia medica, English literature and composition, book-keeping, arithmetic, and mensuration. Second year—Agriculture, live stock, arboriculture, agricultural chemistry, meteorology, systematic and economic botany, entomology, horticulture, veterinary pathology, veterinary surgery and practice, English literature, political economy, book-keeping, mechanics, levelling and surveying. The general management of the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm is divided between the President and the Farm Superintendent, who are, to a large extent, independent of each other; but neither is responsible for the discharge of his duties to anyone but the Commissioner of Agriculture. The college is frequented by about two hundred students, not only from all parts of

Canada, but from the United States and England as well. It has a library of 4,000 volumes, a reading-room and a flourishing Literary society.

SHAMROCKS AND BROCKVILLES.—The object of this picture of the national game is to show the meeting of two crack clubs—one from Western Quebec, the other from Eastern Ontario—gathering together in fellowship, after a hard fought battle, in which they strove for the mastery of the championship. A finer group of young men it were hard to set eyes on. Behind them stretches the grand stand, black with people, giving evidence of Montreal's preëminent love of sport. To the right is the white pile of Montreal College, or the Seminary, as it is historically called, and full before us, we have a view of Mount Royal, clothed with the primeval forest.

LA MANDOLINATA.—This is a charming picture, with all the surroundings in thorough keeping. The trunk of the hoary trees entwined with ivy, and the flitting of lady-birds through the tropic leafage, are fit accompaniments to the beautiful girl—Petrarch's Laura, mayhap, thrumming the silver strings.

*La vita fugge, e non s'arresta un ora;
E la morte vien dietro a gran giornate;
E le cose presenti e le passate
Mi danno guerra, e le future ancora.*

The mandolin is a stringed instrument, of the guitar type, from the Greek Pandoura, because Pan was the author thereof. We have the same word in English, through the old word "Bandore."

SIR DANIEL WILSON.—We are sure that the reader will be better pleased with the following modest personal notes, furnished to the editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, than by a set biography which could be written. Sir Daniel Wilson sets his letter from Elliott's, Campton Village, New Hampshire, U.S., August 21, 1888, and he says:—"Your letter of the 15th has been forwarded to me here, where I am enjoying a brief holiday among the White Mountains. You ask for a few notes of my public career. A literary man lives in his books. Born and educated in Edinburgh, the historical antiquities of the old Scottish capital thoroughly impressed my imagination, and my first work was "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," a large work in two volumes, 4 to., illustrated from my own drawings. By and by I became honorary-secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. My next work was "The Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," which went through a second edition. (MacMillan & Co.) Meanwhile, Lord Elgin, who had been president of the Society of Antiquaries, became Governor-General of Canada, and when a Chair of History was established in the University of Toronto, I owed my appointment as professor there to him. In Canada, for thirty-five years, I have resolutely battled for the maintenance of a National System of University Education, in opposition to sectarian or denominational colleges. In this I have been successful, and I regard it as the great work of my life. But since I became a Canadian, I have written "Prehistoric Man and the Origin of Civilization," which has reached its third edition; also, "Caliban, the Missing Link"—a bit of Shakespearian criticism; "Chatterton: A Biographical Study," and "Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh." In the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, I have contributed various articles, including that of "Canada," and have written numerous papers in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, The Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, The Journal of the British Archaeological Institute, the Canadian Journals, The Royal Society Transactions, and other periodicals. The above, I suppose, are the sort of notes you want. I have the Honourary Diploma of many learned societies—the Royal Society of Italy; the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen; the Anthropological Societies of Paris, London, Washington, etc.; the Royal Society of Edinburgh." So far Sir Daniel himself. There remain to add to the brilliant record the promotion to the Presidency of the University of Toronto; the Vice-Presidency and Presidency of the Royal Society of Canada; the Presidency of the English Section of Literature thereof, and the proud token of Knighthood, which the retiring scholar was at first unwilling to accept, but which public opinion soon forced upon him. The editor of the ILLUSTRATED looks upon it as a feather in his cap that he was the first, through the Montreal Gazette, to press acquiescence as a national duty.

SINGING OUT THE OLD YEAR.—We have inserted this characteristic picture, for a token of New Year's day, as the reader will doubtless perceive at a glance. The association of song with the incoming and outgoing of the year, is embodied in all literature. Among other fancies, it readily reminds one of Tenyson's thoughtful verses:

*Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.*

*Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.*

LATE FOR CHURCH.—This might be styled a Canadian picture, especially in winter, when young women or mothers, having to attend early service, are kept back by household duties, the care of children, the preparation of breakfast, or a late rising, from a night of watching, till the last call of the bells, and, although they hasten forward, the late-comer, in our picture, has not done buttoning her glove as she reaches the pillars of the church door.

THE LITTLE LORD.

Parvus Dominus et amabilis nimis. S. Franc. of Asisi.
Within the chapter of a cloister old,
Torre d' Amalfi is its name so fair,
A curious tapestry, on the wall unrolled,
Related, in devices quaint and rare,
How that the Saviour in a manger lay,
Naked and lorn, upon wisps of hay,

Mary, the Mother, knelt upon the right,
Upon the left knelt Joseph with rapt eye;
And heifers twain, one russet and one white,
Poured warmth from their pink nostrils, standing by;
While, through the open roof, upon a cloud,
Were troops of Angels seen, that hymned aloud.

Before this picture, on one Christmas night,
Saint Francis and his monks were come to pray,
When, sudden, quickened by an inner light,
The holy man besought each one to say
What was the burden of the Angels' song
Sounding the ilex and fox-grapes among.

Smiling, the choir of hooded Cordeliers
In full accord intoned the canticle,
Which now, for hard on twice one thousand years,
The hearts of Christ's elect have loved so well:—
"Glory to God unto the Highest, and
Peace to good men upon the sea and land!"

Francesco's eyes with heavenly light were fired,
An aureole beamed above his sainted head;
And, turning to the crib, like one inspired,
In sweetest accents to his monks he said:
"Not so. To me 'tis this the Angels tell:
'O Little Lord, exceeding loveable!'"

I oft bethought me, dwelling on this scene,
As even sinners will, in happier mood,
'Tis best to pass the glory and the sheen,
And set our hearts upon the simple good;
Believing that Saint Francis found the key
To all the grace of the Nativity!

So, on this Christmas eve, when from above,
Strange loads of care are bearing on my soul,
Severed from mine, and seeking for a love
That shall bestead me through the days of dole,
I bow my head and whisper only this:
Parvus Dominus et amabilis.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Percy Woodcock, of Brockville, has arrived in Montreal and will spend about a month here.

The Governor-General and Lady Stanley will hold a levee in the Legislative Assembly Chamber, Toronto, on the 2nd January, 1889.

Professor Julius Pohlman, of Buffalo, has just finished his calculations on Niagara, and he says the brink of the falls has moved back one mile in 2,000 years.

The Pope has offered Cardinal Taschereau for his Cathedral church a magnificent ostensory or receptacle for the Host, which figured at the late festivities at the Vatican.

The member of Sir John Macdonald's family, whose death has been recently recorded, was that of his sister, Miss Louisa Macdonald, and not that of his daughter, Miss Macdonald.

The Bishop of Montreal has appointed Mr. W. H. Robinson, manager of the E. T. Bank at Huntingdon, to the vacancy on the Executive Committee, caused by the death of Judge Armstrong.

Mr. Robert Brewer, assistant accountant of the House of Commons, came to Montreal on the 20th to play the violoncello at the Philharmonic concert. Mr. Brewer is as skilful a musician as he is an accomplished gentleman.

Sir John Lister-Kaye and Lady Kaye have gone from the Northwest to England. Sir John is the leading owner of ten vast stock farms west of Regina. He says the company proposes to place 30,000 head of sheep on their different properties next year. Thoroughbred horses and cattle will be imported from England for breeding purposes.

The progress Cardinal Newman is making toward recovery is most satisfactory. It was, nevertheless, deemed advisable by his doctors that he should be spared the excitement of a personal interview with Mr. Gladstone. Cardinal Newman expressed a wish to see his old man servant, who was attendant many years ago in Ireland, and who is now in business in Birmingham.

Mrs. McLachlan, wife of Rev. Alex. McLachlan, who less than a year ago, with her husband, left for Tarsus, Asia Minor, to take charge of a St. Paul institute that had been founded in that place under the auspices of various American missionary societies, died at Adana, Asia Minor. Mrs. McLachlan was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Stephens, of Toronto.

Inspector Andrews, of Scotland Yard, took a trip to Niagara Falls. He said to a *World*, Toronto, man: "Before I got out there I thought all this talk about the Falls was to a great extent newspaper and travellers' exaggerations, but when I got there, I found that nobody had done full justice to the scene, and, in fact, to my mind, language is powerless to describe it. I would not have missed that visit for anything."

EMPIRE FIRST.

A BIT OF LITERARY HISTORY—A NATIONAL SONG—TEN YEARS, 1878-1888.

On the 21st of March, 1888, during the debate on Reciprocity, in the House of Commons, Mr. Alexander McNeill, member for North Bruce, wound up an able speech with the following lines:

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain raised us to our rank
Mid the nations of the earth.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.

Stand, Canadians! firmly stand
Round the flag of fatherland!

These verses were declaimed with so much warmth and skill that the House greeted them by a round of cheers.

The next morning, as Mr. John Talon-Lesperance was reading the *Ottawa Citizen*, in the lobby of the Russell House, his eye fell on this passage, and while it tickled him not a little, he wondered whether the speaker knew where he got those lines or who wrote them. Naturally the honourable gentleman had read them somewhere, thought enough of them to learn them by heart, and knew when to cite them as occasion offered. In the next number of the "Ephemerides," on the 24th March, "Laclede" made a brief statement of his own authorship. Meantime the subject was taken up; the verses, which were widely copied when first published, went the rounds again after ten years. Among many communications the author received two interesting letters, which will be given below; and when Mr. Lighthall was putting together material for his Windsor and Canterbury volume of "Canadian Poets," out of Mr. Lesperance's verses, he chose first, and at once, "Empire First."

The letters referred to are from Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, Q.C., of Ottawa, and Mr. Alexander McNeill, M.P., of The Corran, Warton, in North Bruce, and they contain several literary and musical paragraphs, which are interesting in connection with the national song. Before publishing them, however, Mr. Lesperance asked the leave of the writers, and here is the reply in each case:—

I.

OTTAWA, October 9, 1888.

John Talon-Lesperance, Esq., Montreal:

DEAR SIR,—Your favour requesting permission to publish my letter, of some time ago, anent the McNeill episode and your national hymn of "Empire First," is to hand. I give it, fully and heartily. No later than last eve, when reading the *note* of the moment across "The Lines," I thought sharply and keenly of your poem—the plectrum touch, masterly and true—of chords requiring but touch to give forth their never uncertain sounds.

I am glad to learn of your intended publication. It is opportune, and, I am sure, will be most acceptable, not only to our own particular people—this "Canada of Ours"—but to all British peoples, or, to put it more à *precis*, all peoples enjoying the aegis of British Empire.

I don't remember what I said in the correspondence you refer to, but I know it was true, and called for by the circumstances of the case, *selen moi*. It is at your service. Do what you like with it. With all sympathy and good wishes,

I am,
Yours ever truly,
MALCOLM MACLEOD.

II.

WIARTON, October 9, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have your interesting letter of the 2nd inst., and am sorry that I have only just a moment to reply to it. I should, indeed, esteem it a very great compliment to be in any way connected with the production of so fine a poem as "Empire First." I am very glad to hear that it is to be published in the way you mentioned. As to the letter to Mr. MacLeod, I really do not recollect the form of it. I fear it is very crude and hardly fit for publication. But you are welcome to make any use of it you please.

Yours faithfully,
ALEX. MCNEILL.

J. Talon-Lesperance, Esq.

P.S.—I hope to make your acquaintance next session.

The following are the letters to which the preceding have reference:—

III.

OTTAWA, April 3, 1888.

John Talon-Lesperance, Esq., Ottawa:

DEAR SIR,—Though personally a stranger to you, I take the liberty of addressing you. I believe you are "our ever dear Laclede" of the "Ephemerides," of the *Montreal Gazette*.

Struck by the pertinency of your note (in the "Ephemerides" of March 24th) as to the lines so happily quoted by Mr. McNeill, M.P., but without due credit to the author by him, in his speech in the House, on the present question (in debate) of—really—"Annexation to the United States," I cut it out and sent him the slip, with a letter of explanation, in effect, thus:

"The lines quoted by you appeared in the *Illustrated News*, Montreal, just ten years ago, when the events of the hour, like the present, touched (as with a plectrum) the chords of public feeling to like expression. The other verses were equally good, the last,

O triune Kingdom of the brave,

incomparably fine."

I explained that, under circumstances suggestive of the hasty and little effort, I had, before that, dashed off a few lines (9 verses) on precisely the same rhythmic measure, under the heading "Our Land and Flag," published in the *Montreal Gazette*, to an air of my own, inspired by the theme. Before publishing the music, your lines, under the caption "Empire First," caught my eye, and, much preferring them to my own, I gave my air to them, and, with the assistance of a sister and a musical friend (a genius in that way, the Rev. Mr. Longhurst, a Church of England clergyman, now in charge at Granby, in the Eastern Townships, put the thing into song, with accompaniment for the piano, and published it in the *Illustrated News* of the 16th or 17th March, 1878. I enclosed a copy of it to Mr. McNeill.

As to the music, I stated that Mr. Longhurst had sent it to his father, W. H. Longhurst, a doctor of music, for many years (probably forty or fifty), and possibly still, organist and choir leader or master in Canterbury Cathedral, and, I think, professor of music in Oxford or Cambridge University; a leading author in England in sacred music, and he pronounced the thing—lines and music—perfect, and "an inspiration." With four men's voices, strong and deep-toned and fairly rendered—as, under Rev. Mr. Longhurst's leadership, tried by us in Aylmer, where he was at the time—it went fairly well, but evidently the compass is too great for general acceptance.

Mr. McNeill writes of it as a "translation from the French." This is a mistake, of course, probably from your name and names (Lesperance and Laclede.) In any case, it is a pleasure to find that he was ever anxious to find out the author of the lines, which, as he truly says, "it would be a thousand pities if they were not rescued from oblivion." *Palman qui meruit ferat.*

Yours ever truly,
MALCOLM MACLEOD.

IV.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, March 31, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to apologize for having allowed your most interesting letter to remain so long unanswered. I had not seen the communication from the *Montreal Gazette*, which you enclosed, and so the whole of your information was quite new and fresh to me.

I am delighted to discover the author of the verses of true poetry, which I have so long admired. The last verse, commencing:

O triune Kingdom of the brave!

is, in my opinion, unsurpassed by anything of its class in the language, and it is very interesting that it is a translation from the French. I had an idea that the poem was written by a Toronto man, and I had intended concluding my speech there, last Saturday night, by quoting the last verse, and enquiring if the author were present.

I handed your letter to the correspondent of the *Empire*, who will make a note of it. In this I hope I have not done wrong. It would be a thousand pities if these lines were not rescued from oblivion. As to the music, I am not a judge. But what you tell me of those who have seen and approved it, I should judge that it must be worthy to be wedded to the accompanying words. I could imagine no higher praise for it.

So much delighted was I with the verses, that I made my boy, then 5 years old, commit them to memory, so that he might recite them to his relatives in the old country, and thus give them an idea of Canadian sentiment to England, and this the child did, in 1880, greatly to their delight.

Yours faithfully,
ALEX. MCNEILL.

Malcolm Macleod, Esq., Q.C.

V.

Here are the words of the song, as it appeared at first, and, in ten years, the author has not seen fit to alter a syllable, nor to add a line, the strain being as fitted to the feelings of our time as it was to that of the day when he struck them off at one dash.

EMPIRE FIRST.

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! We hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above!

Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank
Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, etc.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.
Stand, Canadians, etc.

O triune Kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girt Island of the free,
O Empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands, are all with thee!
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland!

The song was set to music twice within a month of its appearance—first, by Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, as stated in his letter, and, secondly, by Mr. Jules Hone, the distinguished violinist and professor of this city.

THE VIRTUES OF CELERY.

The following from the *Leeds Mercury* is worthy of special notice:—

New discoveries—or what claim to be discoveries—of the healing virtues of plants are continually being made. One of the latest is that celery is a cure for rheumatism; indeed, it is asserted that the disease is impossible if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is always put on the table raw prevents its therapeutic powers from being known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft and the water drunk by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour and nutmeg, into a saucepan with the boiled celery, serve it warm with pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes, and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician who has again and again tried the experiment, and with uniform success. He adds that cold or damp never produces, but simply develops, the disease, of which acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause, and that while the blood is alkaline there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. Statistics show that in one year (1876) 2,640 persons died of rheumatism in this country, and every case, it is claimed, might have been cured or prevented by the adoption of the remedy mentioned. At least two-thirds of the cases named heart disease are ascribed to rheumatism and its agonizing ally, gout. Small-pox, so much dreaded, is not half so destructive as rheumatism, which, it is maintained by many physicians, can be prevented by obeying nature's laws in diet. But, if you have incurred it, boiled celery is pronounced unhesitatingly to be a specific. The proper way to eat celery is to have it cooked as a vegetable after the manner above described. The writer makes constant use of it in this way. Try it once, and you would sooner be without any vegetable, with the single exception of the potato, rather than celery. Cooked celery is a delicious dish for the table, and the most conducive to the health of any vegetable that can be mentioned.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR!

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!

I love thee well, and fain would keep thee ever,
Nor yield thy sweetness to the past, to sever
The links that bind me to thee,—ah, so dear!
Good-bye, Old Year!

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!

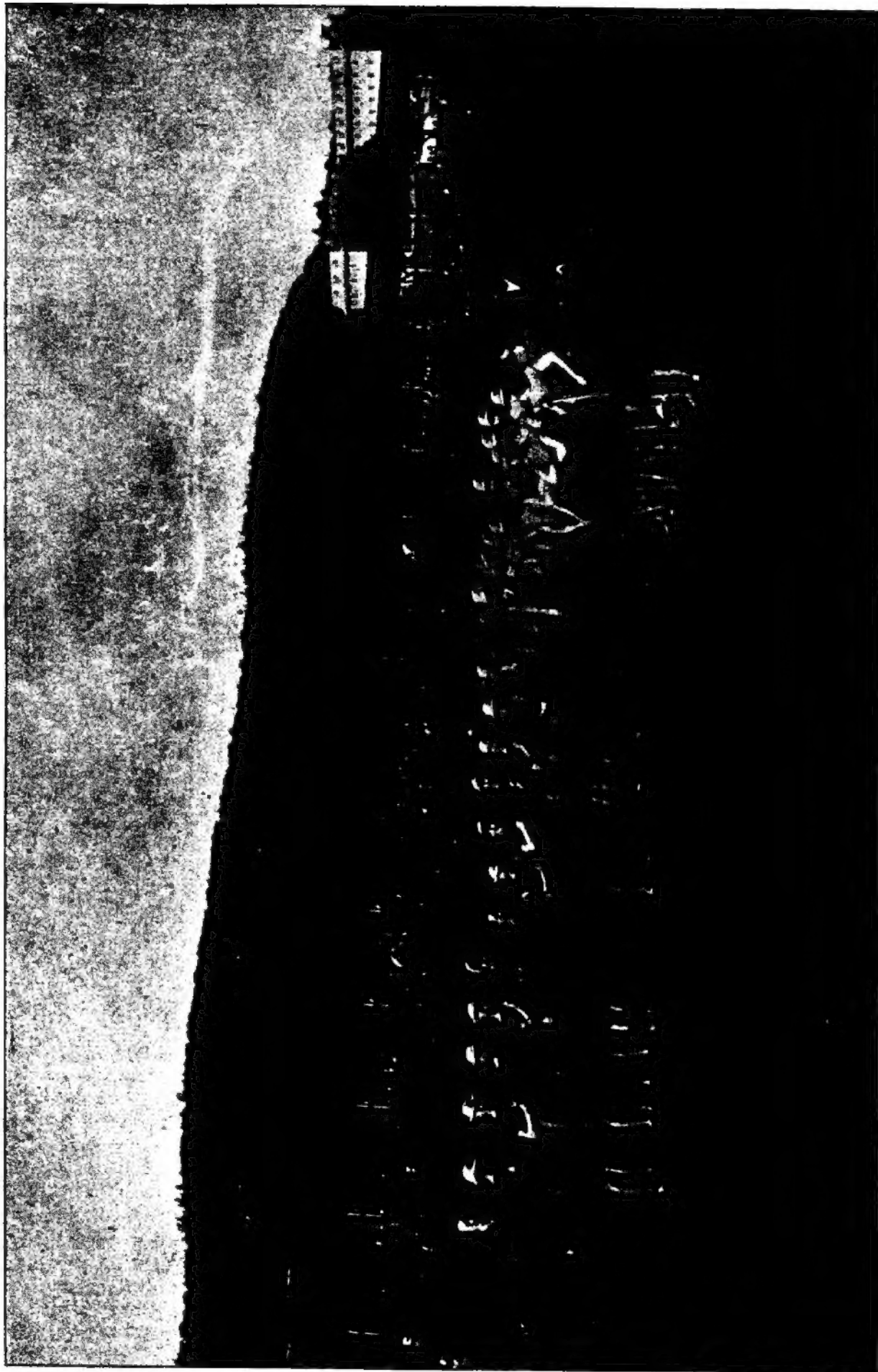
The bells ring out upon the air right gladly,
In conflict with my heart, that beats so sadly
That I can scarce restrain the falling tear—
Good-bye, Old Year!

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye!

Thou'rt gone at last! The New Year, soft and tender,
Is here. But, heart, be still! Thou dost remember
The reason why the past to me is dear!
Good-bye, Old Year!

Windsor, N.S.

HATTIE R. McLELLAN,



THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE GROUNDS, MONTREAL, ON A FIELD DAY.
THE "SHAMROCKS" AND "BROCKVILLES" BEFORE FACING THE BALL.

From a photograph by Summerhayes & Walford.



MANDOLINATA.

The Lady in Muslin.

There was something wonderfully taking in the half-simple, half-theatrical manner of this child; and I should have felt myself to be quite a brute if I had not responded to her entreaty, and desisted from questioning her.

I tried to make her acquaintance in some other manner. I showed her my favourite pipe; and she condescended to draw near, and took no small delight in tucking the weed into it, with her taper tiny fingers. After that we became more intimate and confidential, and I began to flatter myself that I must have some peculiar talent for winning infantine friendship; for unaccustomed as I was to children, I suited so well to little Cecile's taste, that in another half-hour she was sitting on a stool, just in front of me, chatting most happily, and wasting my tobacco, endeavouring to make cigarettes, and quite making love to me, after her own fashion.

The door opened upon us whilst we were in that position, and in walked Richard Gaunt!

He started back; little Cecile jumped up. I never moved, but I looked up with, I fancy, a very satirical smile.

"I have been making friends with your juvenile correspondent," was my first exclamation; "your charming little niece and godchild, my dear Dick."

Dick's eyes for an instant lost that pleasant, kind look which I have mentioned to you as being his chief attraction. He looked absolutely angry.

"I don't understand this," he said, in a low, growling voice.

"Nor do I," I answered.

"There are some cases——" Dick began, still in the same disagreeable tone.

"There are," I interrupted. "You seem annoyed at my presence, Gaunt. Good evening! Let me assure you, however, that this visit is purely one of chance. Good night!"

I took up my hat and was striding towards the door, when little Cecile came springing after me.

"No," she exclaimed, "don't go—wait a moment. You see, I told you godpapa Gaunt didn't want any one to see me. It was my fault, godpapa, not his," she added, turning to Gaunt, and stretching out her hands with dignified gesticulations, and growing quite flushed with the energy with which he spoke: "quite my fault; and he hasn't asked me any questions."

There was something so ridiculous in the mediation of the little white-frocked, gesticulating figure standing between us two, angry, bearded men—in the protection she extended to the one, while unwittingly she increased the embarrassment of the other—something so very out of the way, and uncommon to either of our experiences, that we both paused;—I smiled, Dick smiled.

"That's right!" Cecile exclaimed, approvingly.

"That's right, godpapa, don't be angry."

"You needn't be in such a hurry, Mark," Dick said gruffly, and turning away.

And I went back to my seat. I should have been sorry to quarrel with Richard Gaunt.

III.

CIGAR CONFIDENCES.

I went back to my seat, and resumed my cigar. Dick stood leaning against the mantelshelf, stroking his moustache meditatively. Cecile sat herself on the footstool, which, however, she took care to draw to a distance from my fauteuil, and contemplated us both gravely. This tableau lasted at least twenty minutes.

"Mark," exclaimed Dick suddenly, after Cecile had been confided to Mrs. Briggs's maternal care for the night, and we two sat by the open window, puffing away in our usual luxurious, silent, and easy fashion, at our cigars; "Mark, I should like to know your opinion, as a man of principle and education, as to whether one's word of honour, once engaged, may still be regarded as subject to the contingencies of after circumstances?"

I was a little startled by this sudden question. Richard Gaunt and casuistry was an association of ideas that had never entered my mind, and I was quite unprepared to receive it.

"My opinion on such a matter," I began, however, after a moment or two's hesitation, "is that undoubtedly, or at least—I paused—knocked the ashes from my cigar. "Such a question, my dear Dick, I can scarcely answer as a generality. Cases of conscience must be argued according to their individual character. To answer that a promise once given must be kept at all hazards, accords little with the liberal morality of the age; but on the other hand, to declare that the keeping of a solemn engagement depends on circumstances, or chances of the future, proclaims a very lax moral indeed."

My friend smiled. He evidently triumphed in the idea that he puzzled me.

"Contingent circumstances," I continued loftily, with a slight sneer in return for Mr. Gaunt's smile, "according to some, might read 'convenience,' you know."

"Exactly," Dick answered quickly, and sitting bolt upright. "That's the deuce, Mark," he added emphatically.

Had I been of an energetic disposition, I believe during the unusual excitement of the few minutes that followed, I might have made Dick's little secret my own. I could see it was seething and frothing up in him, like a small Vesuvian eruption, and nothing would have eased him more than to let out the lava springs in a good gush. But there I sat, lazily watching the evening light fade from the patch of sky visible above the opposite houses; listening to the distant hum of the busy world, which lay beyond our quiet street, and which came up, not disagreeably, through the heavy evening air; and in the quietude of my enjoyment, I felt a little secret superiority, that led me to criticise my friend's emotion with the eye of a philosopher, rather than sympathize with it, with the feeling of a friend.

As Dick sat there, biting now his nails, and then his pipe; now pulling his moustache, and sighing like a furnace, I regarded him with that serene satisfaction with which a cat looks at a mouse, which she considers so safely within her power as merely to require her to lift her paw, and give it a tap to make all secure.

I played with my mouse too long.

Mrs. Briggs suddenly popped her head into the room and said that she couldn't persuade Miss any ways to go to sleep, or even to undress, till she had spoken again to her uncle; so would Mr. Gaunt be kind enough to step up stairs for a minute?

Dick went reluctantly.

When he returned, three minutes after, his excitement was over, he resumed his chair and employment gravely.

"Mark," he exclaimed, after a short silence, "suppose a man binds himself by a promise to keep a secret for a certain period; suppose that through after-events the divulgence of that secret to a third party, while it could do no possible wrong to any one concerned, would greatly relieve and free from an embarrassing position the man so engaging himself, would he be very dishonourable to break his promise?"

"It depends on the nature of the embarrassment," I replied. "Should it be merely a matter of personal consequence, strict morality would demand the keeping of such a promise."

Gaunt was silent.

"Suppose," he began again, "that the promise had been given more to ease the weak fears of a dying mind than being of itself important or necessary?"

"A promise is a promise," I answered, shortly.

Gaunt leant back in his chair, and for more than half an hour the only sound that broke the stillness of the room was his vigorous puffing at his meerschaum.

As the silence continued, and I saw Richard's face grow more and more frowning and determined looking, I almost repented my severe morality.

"After all," thought I, as curiosity again resumed her sway, "there are some cases which bear milder and more liberal treatment."

"I suppose, Gaunt," I said, quietly, "your question had more or less connection with your relationship to little Cecile?"

"Of course," he answered, shortly; "but we've settled the point; don't let us bring it up again."

Dick, like many unintellectual people, is extremely obstinate, and by that tenaciousness of his seldom fails to carry the day; so I dropped the subject. The solution of the mystery, I felt, was at present distant.

* * * * *

Two days after, when I called at — Street, Mr. Richard Gaunt had left town, and Mrs. Briggs did not know his address.

A week after I was leading a truly rural life with my friend Brown, in the Isle of Wight.

The site of Brown's lodge, as my friend termed his place, must have been chosen with a regard to the strictest seclusion. It was distant from even a village, not to mention any of those gay, bustling towns where it was possible to pass at least one's morning hours without dying of ennui. It fronted the sea, and the nearest approach to anything lively that occupied the long hours of daylight was watching the ships that appeared in the offing through a large telescope fixed on the lawn of Brown's lodge.

My friend was a botanist and naturalist, and in the pursuit of his pet sciences he found the time pass gaily enough. He would spend whole hours delightedly in diving in shady damp dells and ditches after weeds and flowers. With patient gladness he would watch the ebbing of the tide, and then, with his nether garments tucked up above his knees, his feet bare, he would dabble in the wet sand among the rocks, peep about in crevices and holes, and come back to me with horrid jelly-looking things in his hands, quite radiant with scientific delight.

Of course I had no objection to his finding pleasure in such trifles, but at the same time I did think that, as a companion, he was a bore, and, as a host, frightfully deficient.

Even his library partook of his nature: it was all about flowers and animals; the very magazines he took in were on these subjects. I remember asking him, one wretchedly wet evening, in the fulness of my despair, if he had not got some of the new light literature. He brought me, with the highest eulogiums, "Life in Normandy."

"An excellent work," I said, dolefully, laying it aside, however; "my friend reviewed it in the S— R—."

"Ay, yes, a capital review, wasn't it?" answered Brown.

"He called it simple, homely and unaffected," I answered languidly; adding "that though books on cookery, angling and natural history are apt to be wearisome to persons who don't care about zoology or angling, this was an exception to the rule. I recollect the article well. — must have been very kindly disposed when he wrote it. Thank you, my dear Brown. I've no doubt that — was right, and that, though I am not an amateur in cookery, etc., I shall find 'Life in Normandy' highly interesting."

I pushed the book gently from me, settled myself comfortably on the sofa, and went to sleep.

The next morning, the rain was still falling. I rose languidly from my bed, and looked out of the window.

Nothing was to be seen but a dirty, discontented-looking sea, damp sands (for the tide was out), and desolate-looking rocks. Not a vestige of a human being, except where a large drab umbrella, bobbing about like an excited mushroom, indicated that Mr. John Brown was again in pursuit of science.

To my satisfaction, on the breakfast table I found a heap of letters, amongst which I eagerly seized one bearing Dick Gaunt's splashy writing. It had travelled about a little, evidently, by the different directions and post marks; and on opening it, I found the date to be four days back.

It was a short scrawl, telling me he had met with an accident which kept him to the sofa; that he was awfully disgusted with his solitary life; and that if I was not too agreeably engaged, he wished I would pay him a visit.

(To be continued.)

RIBBONS AS TESTS OF CHARACTER.

"Straws show the way the wind blows" declares a sapient proverb. Phrenology, the handwriting, the gait, the voice have all been considered indicative of the peculiar idiosyncrasies which mark varieties of individual temperament, but from a weak-minded feminine point of view, I would propose ribbons as a reliable test of female character. In her selection of colours, the way in which she wears the dainty trifles, the manner in which her hands manipulate the crisp and shining folds, a woman can no more help betraying her dominant characteristics than can the birds of the air conceal the traits that mark the class to which they belong. Trifles light as air, you object, but it is in the trifles that we betray ourselves. By some subtle instinct these gaudy and satiny vanities are moulded to express some fancy or quality of the wearer.

We all know the cast iron sort of woman who ties her bonnet strings in a hard defiant knot. From under that head gear we expect to see cold, clear eyes glancing severely upon the faults and frailties of her neighbours; we are impressed by a conviction that this woman entertains pronounced opinions regarding the incompetence, wickedness and dense stupidity of the world in general and her own connections in particular. There is a perverse sharpness and intrusive egoism whose ribbons stand aggressively upright, like cat's ears; these belong to grim females who indulge in a fashion of snarling likely to make the strongest nerves quiver, the stoutest heart fail, people who give voice to their venom in sentences barbed with gall. There are fatally pugnacious ribbons that appear to be animated by a spirit that, like the war horse of the Scriptures, "scents the battle from afar," and others again that betray a critical, irritating, inarticulate yet plainly expressed comment upon the conduct of everybody's affairs. Pert, piquant rosettes and pompons announce the success of prosperity and the arrogance of happy youth, that frisks in mere gaiety of heart; there is a mathematical preciseness of those who bask serenely in the sunshine of their own personal approbation. We have tender recollections of broad ample bows, tied under a comfortable chin, beneath a countenance shrewd, cordial and sympathetic. When the loops droop with melancholy limpness, we quite expect to find a mildly plaintive individual who makes piteous and forlorn appeal to all the world and who expects the soothing balm of flattering commiseration to be unceasingly administered. There are adornments which are always feeble imitations of another's fancies. The bows that would fain be piquant and only succeed in appearing vulgar and saucy are those that, missing the airy, capricious grace at which they aim, degenerate into silly effrontery, the heavy attempt of maturity to counterfeit youth, the tawdry efforts of penury to resemble wealth.

There are dainty ribbons which look as though they have been wafted into place by a breath of wind and appear never to have been touched by mortal fingers that are quite as redolent of coquetry as the most transparent sighs, blushes and shy glances. These have been fashioned by women who are the real sovereigns of men's destinies, enchantresses who, by virtue of some gift of tact or grace, without striking beauty or brilliant talent, win hearts without an effort, keeping them or casting them away with an easy grace which is always irresistible. The soft cushiony women wear ribbons that are always in disorder and yet appear just as they should be. You may depend upon it such persons possess a power of harmonizing incongruous elements, which is a most useful faculty for enabling one to glide through life with unruffled serenity. They are the easy-going souls who extract all the good out of circumstances and resign themselves to the inevitable evil with cheerful equanimity. Loud and glaring tones of colour betray vulgarity of taste so plainly that no one can be mistaken on the subject. Loose, ruffled bows that generally perch under one ear when their natural resting place should be under the chin, the long streamers that float contrary to the dictates of Fashion, the crushed cascades and wrinkled

ends that are dotted about wherever it is plainly apparent that they can be neither of use or ornament, can only be worn by foolish and irrational creatures.

It can be accepted as an axiom, that a mean woman never yet arranged an effective knot of ribbon. The promptings of nature are stronger than those of art, and even though possessed of all the fat of the land and all the corn of Egypt, such people cannot part with the smallest scrap of anything without grievous pangs of heart. Regarding parsimony as the greatest of virtues, as a matter of conscience, they draw the loops up tightly in order to save a morsel, and clip the ends the minutest fraction too short. They exult in having saved an eighth of an inch, and utterly fail to comprehend that they have succeeded admirably in ruining the appearance of the ornaments.

Montreal.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Mr. H. J. Woodside, of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, writes me, in reply to a query about "The Cholera Doctor," that he was likely the individual to whom Mrs. Moody refers in "Roughing It." This was a Yankee, and no one knew his name; but he made no secret of his treatment, which was to anoint the cholera-stricken with a paste of lard and maple ashes, and then give them draughts of hot maple syrup. He was very successful in his treatment.

Everything linked with Acadia seems to be hallowed in the Lower Provinces. Thus, all the engines on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway—117 miles long—bear the names of the chief spots in the Land of Evangeline, such as the heroine herself, Gabriel, Gaspereau, Grand Pré and Saint Eulalie. The latter is called from Judge Weatherbee's orchard, which likely was so named after Longfellow's lines:—

Sunshine of Saint Eulalie was she called, for that was the
sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards
with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and
abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* notes that no really great hymn is sectarian. The masterpieces of Charles Wesley could be used in the services of the Roman Catholic Church just as some of Faber's beautiful hymns are used in Protestant Churches. Churches may curse each other in their prayers, but in their hymns they can all come together and forget for a time the views and creeds that keep them asunder.

Here is a delightful proof from F. R. Havergal, which every churchman will read with ready approval:—

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word:—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As Ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is over-wrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such little things
To make it well!

Mr. J. A. Chisholm, of Antigonish, makes the following query, which I submit to my many bookish readers: "Would you please inform me through the medium of your paper whether 'The Voyage of Captain Pompanilla,' a satire by the late Lord Beaconsfield, is still in print? It was first published in 1828, and I have been so far unable to ascertain that copies of the work are now procurable."

My esteemed correspondent ends his letter with these following words, which, as editor, I

believe are not wholly undeserved: "You are to be congratulated upon the excellence of your journal, and it is pleasing to observe that you do not neglect matters of especial interest to your patrons in the Lower Provinces." Yes; chiefly do I keep track of your literary work which has always generously responded to me—the magisterial Duvar; the gifted Roberts family; the three muses, Elizabeth Roberts, Hattie McLennan and Sophie Almon; Bliss Carman; W. J. Alexander; Blake Crofton and T. Allen Jack; the Lockharts; Barry Straton, and the Honourables W. S. Fielding and J. W. Longley.

Mr. W. D. Lighthall sends me the following question and reply:—In conversation with our representative, says the *Portland Transcript*, on his birthday, John G. Whittier inquired as to the identity of "Pastor Felix," whose series of confidences in his "Heart on the Sleeve" have attracted the attention of all readers of that charming paper. Mr. Whittier expressed his admiration of the style and spirit in which these essays are conceived and executed. "Pastor Felix" is the Canadian clergyman, Arthur John Lockhart, whose book, "The Masque of Minstrels," was lately noticed in these columns.

Referring to a suggestion that Mr. Grant Allen should be secured as a professor in Toronto University, Mr. J. Antisell Allen, of Kingston, his father, says:—"No position or emolument could induce him to exchange his beloved England for Canada. There was a time when this might have been, but not now nor henceforth. Canada suffered him to seek elsewhere what was denied him in the land of his birth." This is ungracious. Canada owed and owes Grant Allen nothing more than to any other of her writers, nor more than she did to Albani, who takes pride in returning and displaying her sweet voice for the enjoyment of her countrymen.

TALON.

THE WAILING SEA.

A VILLANELLE.

Discontented, wailing sea,
Murmuring at the shore's confining,
How alike thou art to me!
Chafing to be wholly free,
Is this the cause of thy repining,
Discontented, wailing sea?
Strong the Hand restraining thee,—
But folly all thy weak designing:
How alike thou art to me!
Thy rebellious passions He
Beholds against His will combining,
Discontented, wailing sea.
Wilful—selfish is thy plea
Of rocks and land thy bounds defining:
How alike thou art to me!
Than in place contented be,
Thou'd still God's plans be undermining:
Discontented, wailing sea,
How alike thou art to me!

Toronto.

WILL T. JAMES.

PARTURIUNT MONTES.

EPIST. AD PISONES, V. 139.

We smile, O poet, when we hear thy line
By pedants quoted, and applaud the wit
That makes the metaphor time-honoured fit
Each new occasion as by fresh design.
Yet to the mighty Architect divine,
Who slowly built the mountain stage by stage,
From base to summit, to withstand the rage
Of fires that strike and fires that undermine,
More precious than yon huge sky-pointing mass,
And surer witness of His sovereign power
Are those wee feet that stray amid the grass
And shake the dew-drops from the waking flower.
Montes parturiunt. From out the strife
Of suns and ages came this gift of life.

JOHN READE.

MONDAY EVEG.

MY DEAR LESPERANCE,—I send you the issue of my latest parturition. If you think it worth a corner, it is yours, as I am

Yours ever,

J. R.

The transposition in the penultimate line is *metri causa*.



SIR DANIEL WILSON, L.L.D., PRESIDENT OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.



SINGING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN.



Our Homes.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—First year cotton wedding, second year paper wedding, third year leather wedding, fifth year wooden wedding, seventh year woollen wedding, tenth year tin wedding, twelfth year silk wedding, fifteenth year crystal wedding, twentieth year china wedding, twenty-fifth year silver wedding, thirtieth year pearl wedding, fortieth year ruby wedding, fiftieth year golden wedding, and seventieth year diamond wedding.

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS.—There are few lovelier relations in life than that existing between a father and his daughter, when that relation has been developed to its best extent by tenderness and honour and affection on one side, and by veneration that amounts almost to adoration on the other, the veneration called forth by perfect faith in the virtue and nobility of its object. The trust in her father which a young girl feels and all unconsciously exhibits is something as flattering to his pride as it is delightful to his emotions.

FILIAL DEVOTION.—The young girl who receives her father's intense affection as something purer and holier than other mortal flesh, and who is unworthy of that emotion, is one almost beneath pity. A man conscious of the love that he has called forth in a pure and gentle being feels obliged to live up to the opinion which she holds of him; the child is, in a way, his guardian angel, and often when he is tempted he hears the rustling of that angel's wings. How much, then, it behooves the young angel to attend to her angelhood, and to be all that her father deems her.

IMEROS.

My heart a haunted manor is, where time
Has fumbled noiselessly with mouldering hands;
At sunset ghosts troop out in sudden bands,
At noon 'tis vacant as a house of crime;

But when, unseen as sound, the night winds climb
The higher keys, with their unstilled demands,
It wakes to memories of other lands
And thrills with echoes of enchanted rhyme.

Then, through the dreams and hopes of earlier years,
A fall of phantom footsteps on the stair
Approaches near, and ever nearer yet,
A voice rings through my life's deserted ways.
I turn to greet thee, Love. The empty air
Holds but the spectre of my own regret.

—Edgar Saltus.

TEA.—Tea is a nerve stimulant, pure and simple, acting like alcohol in this respect, without any value that the latter may possess as a retarder of waste. It has a special influence upon those nerve centres that supply will power, exalting their sensibility beyond normal activity, and may produce hysterical symptoms, if carried far enough. Its active principle, theine, is an exceedingly powerful drug, chiefly employed by nerve specialists as a pain destroyer, possessing the singular quality of working toward the surface. Tea is totally devoid of nutritive value, and the habit of drinking it to excess is a cause of our American and Canadian nervousness.

COFFEE.—Coffee, on the contrary, is a nerve food. Like other concentrated foods of its class, it operates as a stimulant also; but upon a different set of nerves from tea. Taken strong in the morning, it often produces dizziness and that peculiar visual symptom of over stimulus that is called *muscæ volitantes*—dancing flies. But this is an improper way to take it; and rightly used, it is, perhaps, the most valuable liquid addition to the morning meal. It should be made as strong as possible at first in a drip bag, and a tablespoonful or two of the liquid added slowly to a large cupful of equal parts of hot milk and cream, in which have been previously dissolved two or three lumps of sugar. Its active principle, caffeine, differs in all physiological respects from theine, while it is chemically very closely allied, and its limited consumption, as compared with tea, makes it impotent for harm.

KANATA.

The eastern and the western gates
Are open, and we see her face!
Between her piny steep she waits
The coming of each alien race.
Dear genius of a virgin land—
Kanata! Sylph of northern skies!
Maid of the tender lip and hand,
And dark, yet hospitable, eyes:

Thou art our spirit of Romance,
Our Faerie Queen, our Damsel lorn,
Who, framed by some mysterious chance,
In undiscovered woods wast born!
In days of love and life gone by,
Ere waned the light, ere ebb'd the tide,
Wild singers sought thy company,
And supple forms from forests wide.

They sported on the golden shore,
And far, dim headlands of the past;
Untrammelled all, their spirits bore
No sense of spoil by passion cast.
No philosophic doubts were theirs,
No tideless, stern pursuit of gain,
No weariness of life, no cares,
No yearnings underlaid with pain.

But, wild and true and innocent,
They plucked the blossom of the year,
Where savours of the woods were blent
With music of the waters clear.
Death had no fears; it but revealed
A spectre-world to spectral eyes,
Where spirit-wildings roamed afield,
And spirit-pinions swept the skies.

Where still the chase they would pursue,
And o'er the vacant rivers glide
With ghostly paddle and canoe,
With phantom forests on each side—
Forever, where no frost should fall
To waste the sweetness of the light,
Nor old age and its funeral,
Nor bitter storm, nor ancient night.

'Tis past, Kanata! Weightier days
Strain tight the girdle of the year;
Pale feet are in thy forest-ways,
Pale faces on thy plains appear;
And eyes, adventurous, behold
The gathering shadows on thy brow,
Where sacred graves of grassy mould
Turn black beneath the westering plough.

Thy plains are whispered of afar,
Thy gleaming prairies rich increase;
And, leaning on their tools of war,
Men dream of plenitude and peace.
For Europe's middle age is o'er,
And still her ways are undefined,
And darker seem the paths before,
Than the dark paths which lie behind.

Perchance! But still I see them come—
A weary people seeking rest;
Sighing for sympathy, a home
And shelter in the peaceful West,
Where ancient foes in race and creed
May never more the tyrants see,
Who eat the bread of craft and greed,
And steal the wine of liberty.

Vain promise and delusive dreams,
Which snare the unsuspecting heart!
Here faction, subterfuge and schemes
Arise, and play the tyrant's part.
Alas! for equal life and laws
And Freedom 'neath the western sun!
Here must they stand or fall—her cause,
On these fresh fields, be lost or won.

Still must she fight, who long hath fought,
Still must she bleed, who long hath bled;
There is no consecrated spot,
No realm where she alone doth tread.
There is no clime, no perfect plan,
Nor system sacred to her end:
These count not if the mind of man,
Through freedom's growth, be not her friend.

Prince Albert, N.W.T.

C. MAIR.

NOTE.—In the Wyandot word *Kanata*, the accent falls upon the second syllable; and, from this word, there can be no reasonable doubt, our country derives its name. The author will perhaps be pardoned by some for personifying, and for addressing, "Kanata" as the Genius of Canada.

The Charlottetown *Examiner* says large quantities of oysters are shipped from Summerside every day. A computation will show that the shipments since the 15th September amount to about 20,000 barrels, valued at \$40,000. The oysters were, for the most part, taken from Richmond Bay.

Immigration returns to the 13th November show the total number of arrivals in Canada for the eleven months to have been 156,180, being an increase of 18,018 over the same period last year. The number of settlers in Canada was 82,947, showing an increase of 10,406 over last year.

CAMPING.

As summer approaches, the common desire among city people is to be in the country, where later, in any of the various summer resorts can be seen many of every class enjoying the recuperating ozone and disporting themselves after their own fashion.

The thoughtful, amid the sequestered walks, the jasmines and roses, or roaring cataracts, enjoying nature in her minutiae or grandeur; the unthoughtful—have I to tell? See yonder, on an impoverished promenade—simple nature is not good enough for them—matrons, with business intent on eligible bachelors with the prosaic piastre; elegant dudes, carefully preened, busily entrapping giddy ones like themselves. Shall I dilate on their doings? No. We have more than enough of them in the city without relating them in their aggravated form in the country; turning what should be rest and recreation into an accentuation of the rivalries of fashionable society, with all their accompanying worry; but let us be thankful that class is decreasing every year.

But to return to our subject. It is becoming more and more the endeavour of all classes in the city to be in the country for a while at least, if not possible the whole summer. The confining influences the year round, and the impure atmosphere in the hot season, necessitate the change apart from the natural predisposition which exists, more or less developed, in every being. As Cowper says: "'Tis born with all the love of Nature's works; is an ingredient in the compound, man, infused at the creation of the kind." Yes; it is with pleasure that those fortunate—for such they are considered by many—take leave of their city house for the one by the sea, or the humble cottage or *cottage orné* elsewhere, as the case may be.

This summer my friends and I, therefore, could be considered among the fortunate. We did not go to any seaside resort, but had our neat dwelling, which we had conveyed with us, not far in the country from the well known city "Montreal." A conveyable dwelling may seem most improbable to some imbued with the idea that all abodes are unportable. But let me explain. It was a tent, and, moreover, a most commendable dwelling it proved to be, showing perspicuously that "camping" is not "too rude for comfort," as some erroneously remark, but capable of the delicacy and refinement of the home, apart from its own particular attributes.

As a means to pass the heated term, or, for that matter, the whole summer, it is the best one conducive to health, tents being non-productive of colds by reason of their uniform porosity. Moreover, it is emphatically the thing needed for most city children, confined as they are to the various health deteriorating influences of the city. Again, to those who would wish to undertake in part the humane work of giving poor city children an opportunity of breathing the fresh country air it is the best means open to them.

CAMPING AND ITS REQUIREMENTS.

In detailing its necessities, if not written out in Homeric or Miltonian verse, as the frying-pan elevated to a

Dark-eyed beauty, of lovely passionate pose,
Replenishing the air with incense rich and rare,

must be prosaic. Properly, there should be two tents—one as the culinary department, the other and larger as the dwelling. These, for convenient access to each other in bad weather, should be connected by a canopy. Outside there should be an encircling trench, with a turn out, to drain off the rain-water. Moreover, a few inches over each roof there should be what is termed a "fly," to break the rainfall and heat of the sun. Inside a floor is requisite, tongued and grooved if possible, as it would better exclude any dampness that might arise. For easy transport, it should be made in sections, with the tables, chairs and other articles of necessary furniture. Of the various kinds of tents suitable to camping, the square and oblong allow more available space, but the round, high-curtained, in one of which we camped, is decidedly the most beautiful. In respect to the

supplies, that should be arranged with the dealers for their delivery at the nearest point possible, if not at the tent.

I suppose a little experience related now will not be amiss. Having previously selected our site—what campers should first do—we proceeded, bag and baggage, as the saying is, with a definite understanding as to our destination. It was but a few hours' drive, and when there it took us but a short time to pitch the tents and arrange things. By this time it was evening, and the work and fresh air had well sharpened our appetites, so that when the cooks called out for fuel, let it be known we did not lose any time striking "attitudes," but the wood.

Perhaps you have never seen campers at table. Well, if you had peered in, you would have seen a table well laden with brimmers of milk, plenty of good bread and butter, and heaps of fruit and vegetables. You would not have seen the appetites to clear them, but they were there "all the same," as John Chinaman would have said. Yes; each member there felt quite capable of assuming much responsibility toward the demolition. Eureka! what a devastation passed over that table! Well, that was its general aspect after meal time in the tent. After we had gone through our domestic routine—for, let it be observed, none were exempted—we adjourned to our hammocks and tent-seats outside, for the purpose of enjoying the balmy air and viewing the sun setting in the west, casting and o'erspreading its golden light upon the great waters of the St. Lawrence, and bathing the assembled tents in a golden hue. It was a pleasant sight and one to be remembered. Being all too tired to roam far that night, and as

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight;
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,"

we "turned in," snuffed out the electric light and allowed ourselves to sink into the arms of Morpheus, leaving our bullpup to be guard.

Bump! What is that? Amid the noise of crashing delf and table-turning was answered—an intruder. Oh! where is he? Ah! I see him, the green-eyed monster. Give him a bead, quick—bang—but he was gone. Though not before, as we found out the next morning, he had eaten part of a print of butter, and damaged irretrievably the pride of our *cuisinière*, a custard pie, and succeeded with our help in overturning things in general. The cat never returned.

Energies exhausted, intruder gone, we sank once more to our couches. Time soon passes when asleep. The birds were now singing, the early worm had been up and in again, and the cows were wending their way to the milking inclosing. Up boys for a plunge. Right smart we reached the beach, two minutes and we were stripped, another two and we were cleaving the waters downward, up again, once more and again, exhausted, we now sat on the great boulders near by, awaiting second breath. After a few more minutes bathing, we returned to the tents refreshed and ready for a hearty breakfast.

Inner man replenished, we parted, proceeding in various directions to take in all the good fishing points. After a patient wait of over two hours, I had to return without a finny prize. It was not a half hour later when another stepped up with visage blue and nary a fish. Others came and had to recount the same sad tale, till finally the last one loomed up with countenance sad and weary step, but he had something, a minnow. "I would not have caught this," he said, "had not the oldest inhabitant come along and given me a pointer; he said it was the catch of the season, and remarked that the place was noted for the fish—that passed two miles away on the other side."

To relieve ourselves from the general depression consequent upon our meagre catch, we proceeded to spin yarns; coming to my turn, I related this true incident:—"Our party were camping right on this spot—tapping the earth with the palm of my hand to carry conviction—and a hard old time a friend and I had one night. It was the

last one of a two months' camp. We had been up to "the very witching time of night," packing, then dancing and singing with the greatest *éclat*.

The bonfire had gone out. Yes, right into an adjacent field where lay a heap of tick straw—which we had not paid for yet. The living embers, hurried over by the hurricane of forty an hour gait, and fanned by the same, soon had the whole mass aflame. We were profoundly asleep then, and, save for the nasal gamuts in certain quarters incessantly rehearsed, were as dead. But I was awakened. A flapping curtain touched me on the head. Now thoroughly aroused, I heard other noises than the winds. Old Ringbone was having a set-to with the native plugs. I felt assured I could hear his thugs against some body. Distressing neighs were nearing the tent. Ringbone was getting worsted, I was sure. Bump! down went something—the fence. Now they were surrounding the tents. Up H. or we will be trampled and Ringbone killed. "O, we wont go home 'till mor. Wake up—boy, do you hear?" Finally after a good deal of tugging I got him up. Without further dress than night robe and rubber coat each, for it was raining rivers and haste was required, we sallied forth to the raging elements and infuriated beasts—they were trying to kick him to pieces so as to distribute equally a piece as a trophy; but so far his hinders had kept them at bay.

After much difficulty and not a few hair-breadth escapes, we succeeded in driving them out to their field. But we had a task on hand. That fence had to be put up, if we were to keep them out and finish our sleep. While one went for the tools, the other kept guard. Then, like Nehemiah of old, we worked, yet prepared for the enemy—the horses thereof.

Montreal.

J. H. H. D.

THE NATIVITY.

'Tis midnight—the weird hour of midnight—and sleep
O'er all its deep spell of oblivion throws—
When, lo! on the Eastern firmament's steep
A peerlessly brilliant star suddenly shows!

All queenly it moves on its Westerly way
Athwart the vast, shadowy stretch of the skies,
Its passage reflecting the lustre of day—
A vision to awe the most learned and wise!

But, see! it now tarries—its march it arrests,
Locating its zenith o'er Bethlehem's walls—
For to-night the grand drama there played it attests—
The grandest that earth's proud hist'ry recalls!

The plot of that drama the Redemption of man,
The conquest of hell and subjection of sin—
A drama that only Jehovah could plan,
One destined renown never-ending to win!

And what are the *dramatis personæ* who
Enrich the world first with this drama's blest fruits?
Ah, lowly their station—their number but few,
Their stage, but a stable—their audience, dumb brutes!

For there, in that stable's rude manger, behold
As a babe, in coarse swaddling-clothes thinly arrayed—
The warm breath of cattle scarce temp'ring the cold—
The Mighty of Majesties—all things who hath made!

Behold Him of God-head and power bereft,
Who fashioned from nothing the heavens and earth—
Behold Him, with nought of divinity left,
Nor courtiers, nor court pomp to herald his birth!

The sole recognition to mark the event,
Are angel choirs chanting on mountain and hill
That hymn blest in precept and harmony blent:
"To God on high glory—peace to men of good will!"

On the lesson here taught, ah! did royalty dwell,
Less haughtily, surely, 'twould carry its head—
'Twould practice humility—practiced so well
By the King of all Kings, there in Bethlehem's shed!

'Twould think less of self, than the general weal—
Of war's gory crown, than the olive of peace—
No longer aggressive or vengeful would feel,
But seek the scant store of man's good to increase!

Montreal.

W. O. FARMER.

The proposal which has emanated from certain of the gold mining men of Nova Scotia looking to the establishment of an official assay office at Halifax, in lieu of a Dominion mint, which has been found too costly, is at length taking practical shape.



Socrates died like a philosopher, but the average old widower dyes like a fool.

Some one should preach a sermon on the bad taste of pursuing good taste too exclusively.

The sentence, "There is no such word as fail," can hardly be classified as a "cant" phrase.

A survivor of the famous Light Brigade is now a plumber in Indianapolis. He still knows how to charge.

The philosopher's trouble is that while he can give fifty years to evaluating life impartially, life has spent several thousand years in shaping his prejudices.

"There is one thing that you can always buy at a drug store without being overcharged," sighed a victim of pharmaceutical extortion, "and that is a postage stamp."

Irate passenger (as train is moving off): "Why the — didn't you put my luggage in as I told you—you old—" Porter: "Eh, man! yer bagyage es na sic a fule as yersel. Ye-re i' the wrang train!"

A fearful riot of the students arise in a German town and no one, not even the best-liked tutor, is able to pacify them, till a professor, hiring a barouche, takes in all the master tailors of the city and drives them through the Campus, when the mob dispersed as by magic.

Willie Popinjay: "Sis, what is meant by 'unconscious humour'?" Angelina Popinjay: "I can't give you an exact definition of it, Willie, but I can give you an example." Willie: "Well, give us an example." Angelina: "When pa came into the room where ma was trying to nail up that bracket, yesterday, and said, 'Wel, what are you driving at now?'"

The popular craze—Agent (to boy): "Is your ma in, sonny?" Boy: "Nop; she's gone to the walkin' match." Agent: "Big sister?" Boy: "Nop; she's there too. They're all there, even down to the cook." Agent: "Why didn't you go?" Boy: "I was left to take care of the house. I suppose they think the house would go to the walkin' match, too, if there wasn't somebody to watch it."

MILITIA NOTES.

A copy of plans for cypher telegrams has been received from the War Office by the Militia Department.

The trouble in the Ottawa Field Battery has been satisfactorily settled. Major Stewart retains command.

It is reported that Major Prevost, of the 65th Battalion, has been appointed A.D.C. to the Governor-General.

Captain A. Roy, of the Sixty-fifth Battalion, has been appointed brigade-major of the Sixth military district, in place of Major Hughes, resigned.

It is reported that Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, ex-commandant of the G. G. F. G., will be appointed extra A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor-General.

The Militia Department has been informed that work on quarters for "C" Battery at Victoria, B.C., had been suspended, the appropriation being exhausted.

Gen. Sir J. Lintorn Simmons, of the Royal Engineers, will be the new field marshal in succession to the Earl of Lucan. He is at the top of the active list of generals. During the Crimean war he performed the masterly operation of fortifying Slobodzie and Georgeovo, with 70,000 Russians only seven miles away, he keeping them in doubt as to the movements of his own 20,000 men. During the dispute with the United States as to the Maine boundary, Sir Lintorn Simmons made a reconnaissance of the whole frontier, and his memorandum now in the military archives is looked on as the basis for any defensive operations to-day.

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THE PAPER, ON WHICH "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" IS PRINTED, IS MANUFACTURED BY THE CANADA PAPER COMPANY.

Press of THE CANADA BANK NOTE CO., Ltd., Montreal.